

But ah! I need not Ask, 'tis surely so,
 You to our Saviours Triumphs homage owe,
 You all await, you all your Duties shew,
 To celebrate his Worth, and Praises due.

Hark, how the Floods clap their exalted hands,
 The Valleys sing, each Field on Tiptoe stands,
 The skipping Mountains in Choranto dance,
 And their Heads higher than before advance ;
 List up your Heads ye everlasting Gates,
 Display your Glories ye Syderial States,
 May all your Chrystal Doors be open seen ;
 And let the King of Glory enter in.
 'Tis done ! the Patriarchs leap out with speed,
 To see the Powers of Hell in Triumph led,
 Soft Olive-leaves they bore to Crown his Head,
 Which prickt with Thorns had purpled Rivers shed,
 After them flew the Prophets brightly stol'd,
 Playing on Harps, (on Harps whose strings were Gold ;)
 To which ten thousand Saints together sung,
 And all the Heavens with Hallelujah's rung,
 The Cherubims, and the Seraphick crowd,
 Holy, holy, holy Cry'd aloud,
 Down from their Thrones the Dominations flew,
 And at his Feet their Crowns and Scepters threw,
 Nor can the Martyrs wounds them stay behind ;
 Leaving their Heaven, their new-come Heaven to find,
 Met and attended by this Company,
 The Lamb was led into the Courts of Day,



F I N I S.

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F I N I S.

THE

1077. L. 3.

Jacobite Convention.³

A

P O E M.

For Fools are Stubborn in their Way,
As Coins are hardned by th' Allay,
And Obstinacy's ne'r so stiff,
As when 't is in a wrong belief.

Hudibras, Part 3, Canto 2.

London:

Printed for R. Stafford, 1692.



THE



PREFACE.

IN the days of Whig and Tory, when the Loyal Pulpits sounded with Harrangues of Obedience and Submission, and the poor Dissenter was forced to creep by Owl-light into some private House to Worship his God in Secret, when loud Hems Echoed through the Churches, by way of Approbation, to a Clinching Period against the Cromwellians and new Anti-royallists, and the Meeters drag'd through the Streets by Constables and Watchmen, when that bouncing Loyalty took place of all the other Virtues, and none were to be Saved out of the Pale of the Church of England: Who would have thought to have seen such a change of Affairs? But above all, to have seen a Conventicle (that word of odious sound) composed of a few Discontented Persons, who yet call themselves the Church of England

Pro-

The Preface.

Protestants ; surely Copernicus was not much in the wrong, when he said the World went round, and the Sun stood still ; but Conscience, they say, is a Sacred thing, and ought not to be Violated ; but at the same time, is it not a great Riddle, that Man's Conscience should boggle at a Lawful Oath, and yet be quiet enough under an Unlawful Debauch, pretend Loyalty to Government, and yet run counter to all its commands, Fast and Revel on the days Appointed for Fasting and Humiliation, say they are of an Established Church, and yet meet in an Unlawful Conventicle ; aver they Love their Countrey, and yet wish well to the French Dragoons ? If these are not so many contradictions, let the World judg, for they whose minds can swallow such Contrarieties, are fit to believe Transubstantiation, and undoubtedly will prove as Errand Biggots to the Church of Rome, should another Revolution happen, as they are now (to what they falsely call themselves the true Members of) The Church of England.

THE

THE

Jacobite Convention.



Tedious have been our hopes, and long
 our Prayers,
 Within the compass of the three past
 Years,
 How oft in private have we met to Mourn,
 And whine and snivel for *Our Lord's Return* ?
 Our Wishes too, how strangely were they crost,
 When the *French Fleet* drew near the *English Coast*,
 When we expected our *Deliverance* near,
 From *Choaking Oaths* and *Taxes* so *Severe* ;

B

A

A glimps of *Heaven* we having then in view,
 But ah ! how soon that gawdy Scene withdrew,
 Leaving a dismal Prospect in its room,
 Of thousand Miseries are yet to come ;
 Must still our thoughts endure the wracking pain,
 Always to hope, and wish, but yet in vain ?
 Nay, Heaven it self, to add to our Dispairs,
 Seems to neglect and put by all our *Prayers* :
 Is there no hopes that wretched, cheated we,
 Shall Once more taste of Luscious Liberty ;
 Once more be thought the Favourites of the
 Nation,

And trample o're the Men of *Abdication* ?
 Those *Rogues*, who to increase their guilty score,
 Found out a word was never heard before.
 Yet there a time may come, (but when it will,
 Exceeds the reach of Learned *Gadbury's Skill*)
 When *Loyalty* shall meet in due regard,
 And those that dare be honest, find reward.
 The time may come---when *Right* will have its
 place,
 And lie no longer under Black Disgrace.

To

To Skill in Stars, tho I make no pretence,
 Methinks I view it in the Present Sense;
 Methinks I see th' Approaching smiling Years,
 Roul on a pace to recompence our Tears.
 Fly fast, ye Weeks, ye Months, post quickly on,
 And settle ~~us~~—once more upon his Throne.
 But hold—-to what strange Notions am I brought
 By the too strong Impulses of my thought?
 To Church I'll go—that word, Good Heaven,
 forgive;
 The Church shall be my Odium while I live: · · ·
 I hate the Priest, who has a Double Face,
 Religion's Scandal, and his Gown's Disgrace.
 Give me the Man with Conscience void of blame,
 Is in all Turns of Government the same,
 Who hates Rebellion, nor can Treason bless,
 And does not judge of Actions by Success:
 That Man should never starve while I was able,
 I'de serve him with my Purse, my Bed, my Ta-
 ble;
 His Doctrine I much sooner would believe,
 Than a Spruce Bishop's in his white Lawn Sleeve:
 Such

Such Men I've heard, and hope to hear agen.
 Bless me! 'tis late---the Clock has just struck ten.
 But hold---Before to *Fetter Lane* I go,
 'Tis requisite the Entrance-word I know:
 Last Sunday 'twas *Commandement the fifth*,
 And now St. Germains is the *Shibboleth*:
 'Tis so---and now with eager steps I fly
 To the true Church of *England's Ministry*,
 To hear a sort of Men who ever knew,
 Still to be faithful, loyal, firm and true,
 Who from their *Souls* detest the swearing Vice,
 Either to get or keep a Benefice.

Thus I in *Temple-Cloysters* walking,
 O're-heard a Man t' himself a talking :
 But if for Lye you this will Chalk ;
 At least I thought he thus would talk ;
 For by a *Discontented Phiz*,
 One sometimes reads a *Thought* which lies,
 Full Fifteen Fathom under Water :
 If this is false, thank *Erra Pater*

For in his Book, the *Fourteenth Chapter*,
 About an *Astrological Rapture*,
 He says,—But why do I thus strive
 To tell you what you wont believe?
 But I my self being somewhat curious,
 Did follow this *Old Huncks Pemirious*,
 Through *Streets, Lanes, Alleys* and *By-ways*,
 More than are found in *Stow's Survey*,
 Traversing almost as much Ground,
 As on *New-Market Heath* is found,
 Leading me such a dainty jaunt,
 As if one on an Errand sent,
 Missing his way, which did not hap well,
 Should go by *Lambeth* to *White-Chappel*;
 How'ere at last, in *Lane of Fetter*,
 Than which, there is not many better,
 In *Magpye-court*, or *Yard*, or *Alley*,
 For which 'twas, *Faith*, I cannot tell ye,
 He stopt at Door, which stood at jar,
 And whisp'ring softly in the Ear,
 Of one whose looks declar'd Suspicion,
 Receiv'd into the House Admission:

I seeing this, with Confidence,
 Whate're might be the consequence,
 Went boldly up, and gave the Sign,
 (*The Word I mean*) and so got in ;
 But by their jealous Looks and Eyes,
 I plainly read their strange Surprize,
 To see one to their Meeting come,
 Whom they believ'd was *none of Them* ;
 They Star'd--- and I forgot to Blush,
 But boldly to the midst I rush,
 And sat me down upon a *Hassock*,
 Expecting *Clergy-man* in *Cassock*,
 That *Holy Smith* who blows the *Coals*
 Of *Discontent*, and Saves their *Souls*,
 By telling them that no *Salvation*
 Can be to Men of *Abdication*,
 And that a Hell is still appointed
 For those resist the *Lord's Anointed*.
 But he, it seems, was not come yet,
 But staid behind to take a *Whet*
 Of *White Wine*, in a brimming Taster,
 In Mem'ry of his *Absent Master*,

Which

Which might his *Spirits* better quicken ;
 But now the *Plot* begins to *Thicken*,
 Folks to the *Place* in Clusters Trolling,
 (As *Snow-balls* gather by their *Rolling*,
 So fast, altho the Room was *Large*,
 'Twas cram'd as full as *Gravesend Barge*,
 'Tho different *Sexes*, different *Ages*,
 (For some were *Youths* and some were *Sages*)
 Made up this private *Congregation*,
 Yet *Envy*, *Discontent* and *Passion*,
 In Face of every one appear'd,
 Both of smooth Chin and grisly Beard,
 As plain as is the *Light* in *Phæbus*,
 When he Looks down on Mortal *Rebus*.
 Nor could the grinning smile conceal
 The Passions, which in *Breast* they feel,
 As if these People took delight,
 Only to wait on God for Spite ;
 Soft buzzing *Whispers* fill the Room,
 And into close *Committees*, some
 Retire, to give their *Thoughts* a Vent,
 And Drevil forth their *Discontent*,

Which

Which *Poyson*, as the one spits forth,
 The other Licks it up, in *Troth*.
 A Man perceiving of a *Dry Nod*,
 Came to a little *Private Synod*,
 Or *Junto*, which was just behind me,
 To prate they fall, and did not mind me ;
 But not in words so soft and *Butter'd*,
 But I could hear each word they *Utter'd* ;
 Quoth one, I wonder what a *Devil*
 Should make the *Parliament* so civil,
 Such *Taxes* on the *Land to Draw*,
 We must make *Bricks*, yet have no *Straw* ;
 If they go on, tis plain and clear,
 The *French*, which we so idly fear,
 As soon will make *Descent* on *Finland*,
 As e're Attempt to *Land* in *England*.
 Within three years we shall become
 The Poorest State in *Christendom* ;
 All Nations will on us be *Pissing*,
 And we become the *Scorn* and *Hissing*,
 Of all the Kingdoms which are known,
 Twixt us and *Land of Prester John*.

Besides

Besides, the Mony which is Rais'd
 Pays not the *Englifb*, *God be Prais'd* ;
 No, poor contented Villains, they
 Must venture on, yet have no Pay,
 Except a little small Subfiftance,
 A very trifling small Affiftance,
 Just to keep Life and Soul together,
 Against the force of Wind and Weather,
 Whilſt *Brandenburgers*, *Danes* and *Dutchmen*,
Sweeds, *Germans*, and all other ſuch Men,
 Are duly paid off to a Penny,
 And long Arrears they have not any.
 You ſpeak the very truth on't Neighbour,
 Replies his Friend (with *Thought* in Labour
 To be Deliver'd of ſome Matter,
 Which ſore oppreſt his *Pia Mater*)
 If our forefathers were complaining,
 That *Rome* was ſtill their Purses Draining ;
 By *Peter's Pence*, and ſuch Taxation,
 How just are now the *Cries* o'th' Nation ?
Four Shillings firſt in every *Pound*,
 Did fine Estates moſt largely wound,

Estates as well as Bodies needing,
 For their Healths sake a timely Bleeding)
 The *Double Excise*, which all men reckon'd,
 To hold but one year, lasts a Second,
 And it may still for ought that we know,
 Till Day of *Judgment* so continue ;
 But that which was the topping sole *Act*
 Of the last *Sessions*, was the *Poll Act*,
 Where each man must, or nill, or willing,
 For's Head, pay quarterly a *Shilling*,
 When most Mens Brains in Head which rest,

Sir,

Are hardly worth a single *Tester* ;
 But 'tis much better sure in one sense
 To *Pay for Head*, than *Pay for Conscience*,
 For Faith I should be very loth
 To *Pay Two Pounds* or take an *Oath*.
 The *Oaths* ! — As soon I'de swallow *Rats*-
 bane,
 Or any other *Poyson* that's Bane,
 (Rejoyns a third) O 'bomination,
 What swallow down *my own Damnation* ;

A

A Butter'd Hedg-hog I could better
 Digest, than of the *Oaths* a Letter.
 But pray what News have y' in the *City*?
 Sure matters there go *very pretty*,
 And *Guineas* into *Guild-ball* go,
 As if our Land were *Mexico*,
 Or as each Merchant there a Dweller,
 Had found a Golden Mine in's Celler :
 Well, if their Faith for things above,
 Like that for things below, does prove,
 'Tis Ten to One, and Two to Eleven,
 They all of them will meet in *Heaven*.
 They say the *King* and all his *Allies*,
 (Speaks a fourth Man amongst these fellows)
 Intend, as folk's report most true is,
 To pull down Pride of *Mighty Lewis*,
 And *William* for a *Wager* carries
 His Arms into the Heart of *Paris*,
 And of the strange Opinion some are,
 That all this must be done this *Summer* :
 Well, *they may* please their idle Fancies,
 With such like *Tales* and *State Romances* ;

But

But I believe they'l find more Odds,
 Than **Giant**s did that Fought with **Gods**;
 Alas, their mighty Preparations,
 Made of the Scum of several Nations,
 Are not to *France* so Formidable,
 As are to Us a City Rabble;
 You'll find their *Mighty Hopes* *Defeated*,
 And *They* most miserably *Cheated*.
 Hold, let's forbear our idle *Tales*,
 Hes come,—Who is't?—Why Mr. Sh...
 A precious Man.—Hist, silence there,
 At which all instantly forbear,
 And looking at the *Ministers*,—*God bless you*,
 Sir.

His *Surplice* on, and then prepare
 To joyn with him in *Common-Prayer*,
 Nor *Psalms* nor *Prayers* does he omit any,
 Till coming to that place i'th *Littany*,
 Wherein oblig'd by *Name* to *Pray*,
 For those who bear the *Sovereign Sway*;
 He did in's *Prayers* no *Name* put in,
 But those of *Gracious King and Queen*;

Which

Which Prayer, no sooner did it reach the
 Ears of them all,--but--*We beseech thee,*
 Echoed more loud by Persons there,
 Than the Responce to any *Prayer*,
 Which in the *Liturgy* we read,
 From the *Lord's Prayer* to *Nicene Creed*.
 The *Service* done, I then expected
 T'ave heard a singing *Psalm* directed ;
 But having got the *Pious Qualms*,
 Their Souls were not in tune for *Psalms*,
 For how can ever *Captives* bring
 Their *Minds* into a Frame to Sing ?
 Tho it is plain that Fetters none
 They had, but what themselves put on ;
 But if they would have tun'd their throats,
 To *Sternholds* or to *Hopkins* Notes,
 It would, according as 'tis reckond,
 Have been to *Psalm* call'd *Seventy Second*,

Lord give thy Judgments to the King,
Therein Instruct him well,

E

And

*And with his Son that Princely thing,
Lord, let thy Justice dwell.*

But now the Priest was to Pulpit gone,
At least to what might pass for one;
After a short Prayer, not forgetting
Of King and Queen, to mind his *Knitting*,
Who with a Zeal most mighty Fervent,
Were thought of by their *suffering Servant*;
Remembring likewise most Devoutly,
To Pray for Mother Church most stoutly,
The Church of England, which they fancy,
None out of their Communion can see;
The Church opprest, distrest and warried,
And in a fence Spiritually carried
Captive away, whilst its *Adorners*
Are forc'd to Preach and Pray in Corners.
This done, and th' Audience composing
Themselves for *Hearing*, or for *Dozing*;
To a *Bible* of *Geneva* size,
Himself Devoutly Priest applies,

And

And from a thousand various Texts;
This part of Scripture strait Selects.

R O M. 13. 1, 2.

Let every Soul be Subject to the Higher Pow-
ers, &c.

Whosoever therefore Resisteth the Power, Resist-
eth the Ordinance of God, and they that Re-
sist, shall receive to themselves Damnation.

The *Text* (quoth he) beloved, plainly
Holds forth, that every one should mainly
Strive who should most Enriched be
With the Dear Jewel *Loyalty* :
I do not mean the *Counterfeit*,
Which every one that Swears can get,
To save their Purses, having a mind ;
Theirs is a *Bristol Stone*--no *Diamond* ;
But I do mean that *Sacred Jewel*,
Which flattering Arts, nor open Cruel-

ty,

ty of Men, e're with all their Bluster,
 Could make it lose its sparkling Lustre ;
 A Good, by Holy Writ Commended,
 With thousand Blessings still attended,
 A Virtue which the very Angels
 Practise above, or it were strange else,
 None of them daring to Rebel,
 Since *Lucifer*, and his Crew fell,
 A Virtue all have here I hopen ;
 But now my *Text* begins to Open.

Let every Soul, &c.

Let every Soul, ----Man, Woman, Child
 Be with this Holy Virtue fill'd,
 For there's not one in all the Nation
 Excepted in this Proclamation,
 Tho there are thousands senileless Elves,
 Who wickedly Except themselves,
 And foolishly suppose that they
 Were Born to Govern, not Obey ;

Ah!

Ah! Parents, for I must be true t' ye,
And tell you that it is your Duty,
To let your Children hazard at all,
Learn, as just as they can Prattle,
The Criss-Cross-Row of Loyalty,
Before they learn their *A. B. C.*

Tell 'em the Dignity of *Crown'd Heads*,
And make 'em learn to hate the *Round-*
heads;

Tell 'em, there nothing is in Nature,
So Monstrous as a *Whiggish Creature*;
Tell 'em— Nay tell 'em any thing
To advance the *Glory* of a *King*;
Indeed 'tis plain without Correction,
That *Loyalty* implies *Subjection*.

Let every Soul be Subject, &c.

That is, let every Soul be ready,
With a fixt mind, resolv'd and steddy,

E **To**

To part with Life, Estate, and all,
 When e're it is his Prince's call ;
 But never let him *Hum and Haw*,
 And Question if 'tis done by Law,
 His Princes Will to him should be
 The Rule of *Law* and *Equity* ;
 But now Beloved let's Discourse
 Of what is meant by Higher Powers.

Let every Soul be Subject to the Higher Powers.

That is, that every Soul should be
 Subject alone to *Monarchy* ;
 A Government which you and I know,
 Most certainly is *fur' Divino*,
 Above all other Governments,
 Which are in *Earths* most wide *Extents* :
 Alas! what man a live is able
 T' endure the Ruling of a Rabble,

But

But *Common-wealths* why should we rob,
 Of th' Glory of a Ruling Mob;
 Distinctions, they know no other,
 Than well met Friend, and hale well Bro-
 ther;

But amongst all the Ruling Powers
 Of Monarchy, there's none like ours;
 I say, not as 'tis now—alas!

My meaning is, as once it was,
 When Good King— but I'll leave the rest
 By your Good Judgments to be guest,
 Whilst in few words I shall Rehearse
 The Meaning of the Second Verse :

Whosoever therefore Resisteth, &c.

Beloved, 'tis a dreadful Curse,
 But good enough, were't ten times worse,
 For those who meddle in *State-matters*,
 And will be *Kings* and *Monarch-haters* ;

Tho

Tho most Men make a Recreation
 Of that so common word *Damnation*,
 But they will all to Hell be Carried,
 As sure as *Judas* call'd *Iscariot*,
 Who in the smallest point or thing,
 Or thought, Rebel against their King,
 To whom the *Title* still we give
 Of God's true *Representative* ;
 No wonder then that God is Jealous,
 When 'gainst his *Vice Roy* they'r *Rebelli-*
 ous ;
 What mighty havock have ye done,
 Ye wicked Men of *Forty One* ;
 Nay, I might farther here *rejoyn*,
 Ye *Belial's Sons* of *Eighty Nine* ;
 Nay *Laugh* not, for, for all your *Fearing*,
There's not one Barrel better Herring :
 Fight 'gainst your King ! — How my
 Blood Curdles ?
 Have you a mind to lay on *Hurdles* ?

And

And whether you are Low or High born,
 With a *Psalm* end your Days at *Tyburn* ;
 But my Belov'd, 'tis plain and clear
 That there are no such Persons here,
 We are all —

Here a sudden noise,
 To silence put the Preachers Voice,
 When instantly without much Rabble,
 An Officer that's call'd *Constable*,
 Attended by some *Musqueteers*,
 Entred the Room and spoil'd their Geers :

Genteels (quoth he) without much Preface,
 You all my Prisoners are in the place ;
 None Answering him upon that Score,
Obedience Passive were all o're ;
 Some few escapt, but those he guest,
 Were but blind Biggots to the rest ;
 The *Priest* too, having slipt off Habit,
 Soon got away like Cased Rabit,

The now Detected *Conventiclers*,
 Who are for *Loyalty* such Sticklers,
 Were carried fore a *Magistrate*,
 Where little 'twould avail to prate ;
 The *Oaths* were *Tendred*, and none willing
 To take 'em, each pay *Forty Shilling* ;
 Patient in Suffering with applause,
 Not for the *Old*, but good *New Cause*.



F I I S.

Postscript.

A H me ! How great a Cordial's *Hope*,
When sawcy *Fear* don't interlope ?
How sweetly at the *Tett* we tipple,
Till *Fear* puts Wormwood on the *Nipple* ?
How hot was t'other day's Discourse,
That mighty Force of Foot and Horse,
Headed by ever Valiant *f—s*,
Were come almost to mouth of *Thames* ;
Nay, some to carry on the Joke,
Swore he would Land at *Puddle-dock* ;
But *Expectation* is a Blessing,
Surmounts the pleasure of *Possessing* ;
Yet 'tis a question worth Solution,
Who'd gain by such a Revolution ?
Unless we think *Ropes, Fire and Axes*,
Are milder things than *Modern Taxes* ;

Or

Postscript.

Or when from Pockets Rome takes Toll,
Is better than a *Quarter Poll*,
And think the Levies of *Commission*,
More cruel than the *Inquisition* ;
If words, of mind, the true Intent is,
These men are sure *Non compos mentis*,
And *Bedlam* must be sure Enlarg'd,
When 'tis with such *State-blockheads* charg'd,
Where they themselves may hourly tickle,
And keep each day a *Conventicle*.



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A
SATYR.

By ROBERT GOULD.

L O N D O N S

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